A

POEM,

On the Most Deplorable Death of the Mighty MONARCH

CHARLES II.

King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

COuld I compose my thoughts, and now bethink,
Or keep my Eyes from blubbering my Ink;
Could Passion let me speak, or Grief forbear,
To let my Tongue go on without a Tear,
Could I have respite but to wipe mine Eyes,
A little to compose sad Elegies.
Something perhaps my loaded Soul might vent,
Something might flow from Spirits that are pent;
But now confusion my sad Soul o're-whelms,
When the Great Monarch of three mighty Realms
The Second *CHARLES* lies Dead; Oh here! Who can
Go on to speak of such a Royal Man?
What Pen so ready? What Tongue so eloquent?
Invention good, or mind is so intent?
That dares to offer at the least worthy praise
Of him, or can his broken fancy raise,
To write or speak of him enough and fit,
Is sure beyond the reach of Humane Wit.
Yet Love and Loyalty amongst the rest
Will make me croude my lines, tho' not the best,

His

His Sacred MAJESTY, let all bemoan
His Death, the beſt, do it beſt, but let none
Forbear the Tribute of a mournful Verſe,
To lay upon their Gracious Sovereign's Herſe.

Startle ye Princes o'th' Earth, let the News
Of the Death of Great *Britains* KING, infuſe
Such melancholy Thoughts, ſuch Changes make
Within your Breaſts, may make your Hearts to ake.
Doth *Englands* KING lie breathleſs? Ah! Who then
Is free from Fate among the Sons of Men?
The Glories of your Birth and State muſt end,
Your ſtrongeſt Force, and Royal Limbs muſt bend
To the King of Terrors, your loftieſt thought,
Will periſh in that day and come to nought;
Millions of Wiſhes, prayers, and *long live*,
Cannot Death's Fatal Stroke i'th' leaſt retreive.
Is *CHARLES* the Second Dead? A Prince whoſe life,
Was full of Wonders, Peace, but little Strife;
A Prince that at whoſe Birth was never heard,
So ſtrange a thing, at Noon a Starr appear'd,
Heaven thereby, denoting ſuch ſtrange things
To him, not common unto other Kings.
And ſo miraculous have been e're ſince,
And Great the doings of wiſe Providence.

The *Royal Oake* a ſtory ſtill will tell,
To the World of wonders, and ſo will *Boſcobell*.
His ſufferings in his Exile, and Diſtreſs
Long time beyond the Seas, will ſay no leſs:
The Fury of his Foes their Uſurpation,
Decrees againſt him, yet his Preſervation
Are full of great Remarks, and Admiration.

But yet a greater Miracle was *May*,
The ſecond Joyful *Nine and Twentieth Day*,
When that again he was reſtor'd and brought
Forth, as it were again, beyond the thought
of Mortals, without ſpilling any Blood,
Or by his Enemies i'th' leaſt withſtood.
And ſtill how proſperous have been his Days,
His Government eaſie, peaceable his ways,
Gentle his Reign, Gracious and Merciful,
To thoſe that would not wilful Vengeance pull
O'th' Law upon them, and yet ev'n to thoſe
Children, he would be kind of ſuch his Foes.
Careful of's people in's Life, and at his Death
Enjoyning their Well-fare with his lateſt Breath.
Weep not then if you can, you that don't love
Monarchy, yet can't ſo ill-natur'd prove,
But you will grieve for him *per* force and ſay,
Surely a Gracious KING is dead to Day:
A Prince whoſe Royal and Heroick Worth,
Can no more followed be than pattern'd forth.

And ſee how freely all his Subjects come,
To bring their Tears and pungent Sorrows home,
There needs no *Summons*; the wants to Collect
The Tribute of their Eyes, that with reſpect
To neither Bounds nor Meaſures over-flows
Th' *Exchequer*, and no narrow limits knows.
The Court, the City, Country all look ſad,
Who ſees a Face that merry is, or glad.
The Mourners ev'ry where do paſs the ſtreet,
And with their mutual Sorrows others greet;
A ſadder time theſe *Iſlands* never knew,
Since wretched Rebels's Royal Father ſlew.

and thus ends the Life, and ſo concludes the Reign
Of Great *Brittains* Mighty Prince *Charlemaign*.

But are our Comforts now all gone? Is there
No other Sun within our *Hemiſphere*?
Is *CHARLES* now in his *Wain*? And doth no other
Bright Starr appear? Behold his Illuſtrious Brother,
And lawful Succeſſor, drying our Tears,
Cheering our Hearts, taking away falſe fears;
A Prince no Novice, but Wiſe, approved,
Experienc'd, and of the beſt beloved.
Sprung of the ſame great Stock, and Royal Race;
Sharer in exile, troubles, and diſgrace.
Allotted now by Heaven to take a Cloſe
Of Royal Dignity, in ſpight of's Foes.
And after's Brother now to wear the Crown,
Tho' miſled Zealots would have pull'd him down.
JAMES the Second's in *CHARLES* the Seconds ſtead,
As *CHARLES* the Firſt, did *JAMES* the Firſt ſucceed.
JAMES and *CHARLES*, and *CHARLES* and *JAMES* do
And in two parts do make one Royal Line. (twine,
And in that Line may *England* ever be
Both happy now and to Poſterity.

By a Loyal *p. E. N.*

LONDON; Printed by *E. Mallet*, 1685.

13566